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EPISTLE

T O

The Right Honourable,

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.



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EPISTLE

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MR ROBERT WALPOLE



W. D. D. M.

Printed by J. D. D. M. in the Strand



T O

The RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

N thy calm Intervals of social Peace,
When Toils, and Cares, and troubled
Passions cease,

(For thou 'tis said canst taste the genial Hour,
And with free Mirth attemper rigid Pow'r)

Walpole awhile an equal Bard attend,

Untaught alike to flatter or offend ;

Whose forward Zeal no selfish Scheme inspires,

Nor Favour bribes, nor partial Hatred fires.

A

But

But plac'd by Fortune in her fairest State,
 Above the Vulgar, and below the Great ;
 Remov'd from Want, as from Ambition's Call,
 His Good is wound up with the Good of all.

HAPPY the Statesman, who, retir'd from Strife,
 Thus safe enjoys the gentle Eve of Life ;
 Amidst the Few whom Merit makes his Friends,
 Far from the Crowds who serv'd his meaner Ends ;
 While vanish'd Envy leaves his Worth to shine,
 And bashful Virtue courts his mild Decline.

MEN, form'd obnoxious to incessant Change,
 By secret Instinct are impell'd to range ;
 Where diff'rent Objects diff'ring Wants supply,
 Thro' the wild Maze of wide Variety.
 Nor is this Impulse to a Few confin'd,
 It spreads diffusive thro' the human Kind ;
 Not more to Ten than to Ten Millions known,
 The Multitude is but a greater One ;
 Sep'rate or join'd it acts by Nature's Springs ;
 John changes Servants, Britain changes Kings,

“ Both

" *Both may perhaps depart from Good to Ill?* "

Yet Pow'r to change is necessary still ;

The Right of free-born Man who shifts his Scenes,

The Right of varying Man who alters Means.

" *Are there not Ills which gen'ral Rights produce?* "

All Nature's Ills are paid with tenfold Use :

Fatal their Change, from such who blindly fly,

To the hard Grasp of guiding Tyranny.

For whate'er End or Purposes restrain'd,

A People is enslav'd who *may* be chain'd ;

Reason and Right shou'd ever guide the Free,

But Pow'r to act even Wrong is Liberty :

And when despotick Will is arm'd with Might,

Guilt soon will wield the Sword, tho' drawn for Right,

Now cast thine Eyes the Universe around,

Where-ever Freedom mark'd a favour'd Ground,

Where-ever hallow'd by a People's Choice,

All publick Pow'r confess'd the publick Voice ;

Short was the Date of each important Trust,

While frequent Change preserv'd the Rulers just ;

For this, if Laws their saving Aid deny'd,
Fewds, Murders, Wars the dire Defect supply'd.

BRITONS, for learned Industry renown'd,
From various Modes their civil Form compound;
Yet well they prov'd, the Proofs are seal'd with Blood,
Whate'er the Form, the Thing is publick Good.
For this even Monarchs fell; but they were few,
If number'd with the ministerial Crew;
On these descend the Darts that spare the Throne,
And all their Master's Crimes become their own.
O! long may *Britain* hail a Monarch's Reign,
While warning Fears his Instruments restrain;
Long may sweet Concord thro' fair Order spring,
'The Nectar ours without the venom'd Sting!
But if vile Bondage be the Price of Peace,
Never, O never may Contention cease!

“ *A Minister may guiltless fall* ” — He may.
But who e'er guiltless kept detested Sway?
When loud a Nation spoke her Hate or Fears,
Say, who e'er guiltless shut his conscious Ears?

And,

And, with the Load of his ungracious Weight,
Stopp'd the clogg'd Wheels of a disorder'd State?

VIEW *Tully* glorious from his great Design,
Of *Rome* preserv'd, and vanquish'd *Cataline* !
Doom'd by the Pow'r he freed the Patriot fled,
As yet the Lawrel blooming round his Head ;
Nor wou'd resist, tho' prompted by the Brave,
Those sacred Rights he fled once more to save.

FAR other *Cæsar* heard his righteous Doom,
Remorseless heard, so perish'd hapless *Rome* ;
Nor did his Action want the fair Pretence,
Of Party-Rage demanding Self-Defence.

“ *But who shall next succeed?* ” Enough there are
Fitted by Heav'n th' exalted Task to share ;
Some who in *Senates* honest Parts display'd ;
Some who with *Lonsdale* seek the pensive Shade ;
Some who with *Scarborough* give to Courts their
Grace,

And well distinguish Principle from Place,

“ *But*

" *But shou'd these fail as others have before ?* "

Be these then chang'd, Freedom shall furnish more,
 Far as the all-enlivening Spirit reigns,
 High springs the Virtue which her Rights maintains ;
 Wide she expands the Mind with forming Arts,
 Or fires with dauntless Courage Patriot-Hearts ;
 Now bids learn'd *Greece* barbarian Might defy,
 Now the rude *Swiss* each polish'd Tyranny ;
 Now to no Stock, or Sect, or Place confin'd,
 She takes adopted Sons from Human Kind ;
 And, denizen'd by her eternal Laws,
 Makes *Britons* ALL who serve for *Britain's* Cause,
 OBJECTS are clear proportion'd in Degree,
 To gen'ral Use, or strong Necessity :
 Nor are two Things so plainly understood,
 As the worst Evil and the greatest Good ;
 If rescu'd from the misty Breath of Schools,
 Man will but feel without the Help of Rules,
 So, unbewilder'd in the miry Maze,
 Where Guilt low skulks, or reptile Cunning strays,

A Nation's Int'rests and a People's Rights,
 Distinctly shine in Reason's simple Lights;
 And claim in him who acts the Statesman's Part,
 Before a *Cobham's* Head, a *Cobham's* Heart;
 But chief when snatch'd by Heaven's preserving Hand,
 From the fell Contests of each hostile Land,
 A happy Island to th' incircling Main,
 Trusts for a sure Defence and honest Gain.

*" But may not Time direct the Statesman's Toils,
 " And strengthen Reason with experienc'd Wiles?"*

Alas it may! sad Truth too well display'd!
 By Empires pilfer'd, and by Rights betray'd.
 Useless for just Designs and noble Ends,
 Useless on Foes, Art preys on trusting Friends;
 Witness the tainting Bribe, the venal Train,
 The perjur'd Vote, and last the binding Chain.

IN vain wou'd slavish Sophistry unite
 The Ruler's Int'rest with the People's Right,
 Has mad Ambition then no sep'rate Claim?
 The dropfy'd Thirst of Empire, Wealth, or Fame?

Pride's

Pride's boundless Wish, Valour's enthusiast Rant;
 With the long nameless Train of fancy'd Want?
 Urg'd on by these, all view the magic Prize,
 The Prospect widening as they higher rise;
 From him who bounded seeks supreme Command,
 To him whose Hope devours Air, Sea, and Land.
 Alike all Foes to Freedom's holy Cause,
 For Freedom ties tyrannic Will with Laws;
 Alike all Foes to ev'ry publick Gain,
 For publick Blessings loose the Bondman's Chain.

ILL-FATED Nations! drove beneath their Sway,
 Whom Pow'r to rule seduces to betray;
 Whose private Failings rage a gen'ral Pest,
 And taint even Virtue in the social Breast;
 Bid Friendship plunder, Charity undo,
 The blameless many, for the favour'd few;
 Till Guilt, high rear'd from Crimes protecting Crime,
 Fills the heap'd Measure of predestin'd Time;
 When the huge Pile spreads its crush'd Ruins round,
 Or stands firm rooted in the groaning Ground.

Such

Such is the Nature of our kindred Frame,
 In the same Circumstance Mankind's the same ;
 Some few perhaps, How few ! Exceptions shine,
 Bless'd with a Soul, O *Fleury* ! such as thine,
 But why is *Greece* unletter'd, *Rome* a Slave,
 The *Russ* polite, and ev'n the *Spaniard* brave ?
 " *From Change of Times,*" O ! may the Time ne'er be,
 When Men shall say, So *Britain* once was free.

" *If Change from Circumstance in Empires spring,*
 " *A Patriot chang'd is no surprising Thing ;*
 " *If Pow'r infects, the Consequence is plain,*
 " *Heav'n forms not Man o'er equal Man to reign ;*
 " *Let none be trusted.*" — we must trust by Fate,
 And vain are Plans beyond the human State.
 " *Then trust the same.*" — your Inference is wrong,
 Trust none implicitly, and none too long,
 Far from the Source whence rank Corruption flows,
 O may they all be honest who oppose !
 The mitred, plac'd, and pension'd are the few,
Britain is safe if others will be true.

THRICE happy People! wealthy, wise and brave;
 Whom nor rude Pow'r nor Prejudice enslave;
 Bless'd with a Rule from Nature's surest Guide;
 By Reason given and by Experience try'd;
 Bless'd with the Means, if e'er this Rule shou'd bend,
 Again to trace it to the glorious End.

SUCH, *Walpole*, is the Muse's gentle Aim;
 Intent to warn thee, and averse to blame;
 Friend to those Merits all who hear must know,
 And to thy Pow'r an unexpected Foe;
 Alike prepar'd, with the same equal View,
 To counsel others, as she counsel'd you.

F I N I S.

